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Although we had many days of pleasure during the year, we also had much work to accomplish. This latter part of our task was very strenuous, and a number of the crew who had not developed enough muscle to carry on the work cast their lot with next year's seniors. So we now number 48.

We are finishing, yet beginning, as we turn from school life to life's school.

Speed on the ship—But let her bear No merchandise of sin.

No groaning cargo of despair Her roomy hold within;

No Leashan drug for Eastern lands, Nor poison draught for ours;

But honest fruits of toiling hands, And nature's sun and showers.

A PERFECT DAY
Sung by Quartette

"When you come to the end of your high school years

And you sit alone with your thought—While the chimes ring out with a carol gay,

For the joys that the years have brought—Do you think what the end of this Do-Well year?

Can mean to the class tonight When our ship pulls out with a sad farewell,

And the dear friends have to part? Well, this is the end of our high school years.

We begin on a journey new; But it leaves a thought that is big and strong.

With a wish that is kind and true, For memory has painted these perfect years.

With colors that never fade, And we bid farewell to our high school days

And to friends we've made."

Off to Swim!
In Bathing Suits
For All the Family!

(You'll soon be seeking the thrill of diving and swimming in cool waters . . . and you'll enjoy the assurance of looking smart and colorful, if you choose your bathing outfit at J. C. Penney's! It's not a bit too early for you and your family to make your selections!)

Men's speed or regulation cut models of pure worsted. Stripes or solid color. Only \$2.98

Boys' speed or regulation styled suits of all wool. Gay stripes or solid colors for \$1.98-\$2.49

One and two-piece pure wool suits for women and misses. Solid colors, stripes or color. \$2.98

J. C. PENNEY CO.
Phone 484 West Second Street

ROWING, NOT DRIFTING
Mary Matthews

"Bravely we turn from the sheltered pool.

The happy years we have spent in school.

Boldly to join the rushing throng.

Where the stream is wide and the current strong;

To keep to its course our untired bark,

To find our port and to make our mark.

Rowing, not drifting, we enter the stream.

Where the press is great and the whitecaps gleam;

Should we take our hand from the heavy oar,

We might strike a snag or ground ashore.

Before we had docked at the dim, far goal,

Or stand our boat on a sandy shoal.

Rowing, not drifting, then is the song

We sing as we join the rushing throng;

Rowing, not drifting, down the stream

We point our bark for the distant gleam.

Among the water craft, through the spray,

Rowing, not drifting, all the way."

OUR LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT

Friends: You are called together to listen to the reading of the last will and testament of the class of 1936 written, signed, and executed in my presence.

We, the SENIOR class of the Hope High School of Hope, of the county of Hempstead and State of Arkansas, being indisputably of sound and disposing mind and memory and about to pass out of existence, do make, publish, and declare this to be our last will and testament, hereby revoking any and all former wills by us at any time heretofore made:

First: We bequeath to our esteemed superintendent, Beryl Henry, all the fear, admiration, reverence, awe, respect and deference, in which we hold her that she may, when we are gone, distribute said fear, admiration, reverence, awe, respect and deference impartially among the incoming Freshmen in order that said incoming Freshmen may comport themselves with becoming circumspect in her presence, as we have always endeavored to conduct ourselves.

We would add that it is futile of said superintendent to attempt to insinuate any of said fear, admiration, reverence, awe, respect and deference upon incumbent Freshmen, Sophomores or Juniors, for said incumbents have already availed themselves of their inalienable rights and have formed their own unalterable "and let us hope, not altogether derogatory" opinions of said superintendent.

Secondly: We give back and return to our beloved teachers all the unsolicited advice, information, reproaches, admonitions and platitudes, which all at the time of our departure form the aforementioned High School be in, upon or about our minds and memories, feeling that anything so freely and abundantly given away, as said advice, information, reproaches, admonitions and platitudes of said teachers must be of trifling value, and not worth retaining in our minds and memories when we depart as afore alluded to.

Thirdly: We give and bequeath to the incumbent Juniors of Hope High School, entitled to their rightly successors, absolutely and forever our seats in the SENIOR room.

We also give and bequeath to said incumbent Juniors our SENIOR decorum, privileges, polished manners, and Imperial prerogatives, together with the unquestioning servitude of the faculty and student body alike, that said incumbents may occupy the aforementioned seats in the aforementioned SENIOR room with the gravity and impressiveness befitting our successors.

Fourthly: We give and bequeath to the incumbent Sophomores of Hope High School any and all retiring, quite, unobtrusive, modest and supine characteristics that may possibly (but improbably) remain to us under our

present vainglorious exterior, remembering, though with difficulty, the quiescent state of the Juniors, who have either the mirth-provoking verandery of the Freshmen nor the scintillating supremacy of the SENIORS, the said Juniors being only, merely, nothing but and simply Juniors. We make and constitute this benevolent bequest that said incumbent Sophomores may fill the aforementioned Juniors' seats next year with becoming passivity.

Sixthly: We give and bequeath to the incoming Freshmen of Hope High School all our courage, fortitude, forbearance and resolute endurance, knowing out of our own past experience that said incoming infant Freshmen are able to inherit, beg, borrow, and steal. We make this kind be-



—Drawing by Margaret Briggs.

EPITAPH TO SENIOR CLASS

Be gentle, Life!
Be kindly, Fate!
There is so little
To the pate

That lies beneath
This mound of earth!
Retain your wrath!
Repress your mirth!

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quest that said incoming infant Freshmen may bear bravely under the tortures, torments, ridicule and humiliations that the then Sophomores are sure to impose upon the then Freshmen despite our aforementioned bequest and earnest admonitions to the contrary.

Further, we give and bequeath to the said incoming infant Freshmen one stick of red and white peppermint candy, to keep until next fall when it is to be unwrapped and broken by Chris Reynolds, a teacher known to the champion of the oppressed, into as many portions as there are then Freshmen and distribute among them to assuage, mollify, appease, mitigate, pacify and alleviate at the hands of

(Continued on Page Eight)

A WRITTEN
GUARANTEE
OF GREATER
COMFORT...
BACKS UP
EVERY PAIR
... OF ...
**DOCTOR
SHOES**

DOCTOR Shoes provide several essentials of foot health and shoe comfort — correct toe-in stride, built-up arch support, resilient shank — all contributing to added vitality and ease in walking — each of these factors so certain of realization that the makers attach their printed guarantee with every pair.



TOE IN
Walk Straight

REED-ROUTON & CO.

116 South Elm Phone 28

The basis of leadership



READ again the familiar message on the back of the Camel package. . . Camel, introduced in 1913, when other cigarette brands were offering all sorts of premiums and similar inducements, jumped into leadership solely on the basis of its built-in goodness.

That statement, spread throughout the world each day on millions upon millions of Camel packages, stands as your guarantee of the maximum in

smoke pleasure. It reaffirms on every package of Camels the steadfast aim to give smokers a cigarette in which every possible bit of the cost is put into real smoke-quality.

The delightful, natural fragrance of Camel's choicer tobaccos, combined in the smooth, mellow harmony of a blend beyond imitation—that's what made Camel the world's foremost cigarette—and keeps it just that.

Don't deny yourself the luxury of

CAMELS

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SOCIETY

Miss Mary Mathews Society Editor

J. L. Jamison will spend today in Little Rock.

Mr. and Mrs. Matt Graham of Little Rock were guests yesterday of Mr. and Mrs. Roy Anderson.

Mrs. R. W. Berry and little daughter, Alma Gene, who have been guests the past week of Mr. and Mrs. Roy Anderson and Mr. and Mrs. Jamison, left this morning for Little Rock to visit relatives.

Mrs. and Mrs. Ernest Allmon of Russellville and Misses Lucille Allmon and Donnie Watts of Ouchita, visited Miss Ernestine Allmon Sunday.

Mrs. Luther Higginson and Misses Marjorie Higginson and Gatha Matthews were visitors at Ouchita College Monday afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. Verdo Garner have returned to their home in Okmulgee, Oklahoma, after a week's visit to their parents, Mr. and Mrs. Will Garner.

Mrs. Myrtle Rike, has returned to her home in Fort Worth after a short visit with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Will Garner here.

Miss Ruby Foe Timberlake of Holsington, Kansas, arrived today to spend the summer months with friends and relatives.

Miss Virginia Higginson of Ouchita College, will return home Friday.

Misses Alma and Wilma Atkins of Stephens College, Columbia, Mo., will arrive Tuesday.

Miss Mary Matthews had as today's guest, Miss Ruby Timberlake, of Holsington, Kansas.

Miss Avis Woodul entertained at her home on North Elm street with a bunting party in honor of Miss Mozelle Dollar, who will leave Friday morning for her home in Abilene, Texas. During the evening they attended the Senior-Junior theatre party. A delightful three course luncheon was served to the following: Misses Mozelle Dollar, Fay Jones, Lillian Willis, Geneva Reynerson, and Maxine Cripp.

Miss Caroline Clarke will leave Saturday for her home in Arkadelphia.

Miss Ernestine Allmon is leaving Saturday for her home in Pottsville, Arkansas.

Miss Elizabeth Harrison will leave Saturday for Fortney where she will spend the summer.

Alice Pritchard, who is attending Randolph-Macon Women's College at Lynchburg, Va., will arrive Saturday to spend the summer with relatives.

Misses Virginia Goldbold and Frances White will arrive Tuesday from Stephens College, Columbia, Mo.

Miss Ruby Renfro and mother, and Mr. Tunford Whitmarsh from Prescott, were visitors in Hope yesterday.

Mr. Lunsford Whitmarsh and Mr. Fred Brunson of Prescott, were recent visitors in Hope.

Mr. Lynn Marr of Prescott was a Sunday visitor in Hope.

Mrs. Tiller Conner of Marianna, Arkansas, will attend Senior Class program this evening. Mrs. Conner will be remembered as Miss Elizabeth Osborne.

Mrs. Dale Jones spent Tuesday visiting in Prescott, the guest of her mother, Mrs. Cole.

Miss Hattie Anne Feild spent yesterday in Texarkana.

Miss Martha Cantley spent Monday in Shreveport.

Mrs. John D. Barlow returned last evening from a week's visit to Mr. and Mrs. Guy R. Baysinger in El Dorado. Mrs. Barlow was the inspiration of a number of pretty parties while there.

Mrs. Thomas C. McRae of Prescott will arrive this afternoon for a visit of her daughter, Mrs. John Barlow and Mr. Barlow.

Mr. Thomas McRae was a visitor in the city Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Schooley and Misses Mudge Schooley and Claudia Coop visited Edward Schooley who is ill at Ouchita College, Arkadelphia. Friends will be glad to know that Edward is quickly recovering after hurting his foot while in swimming.

Misses Anne Maher, Frances Darnall and Harriet Story made a trip to Lewisville yesterday.

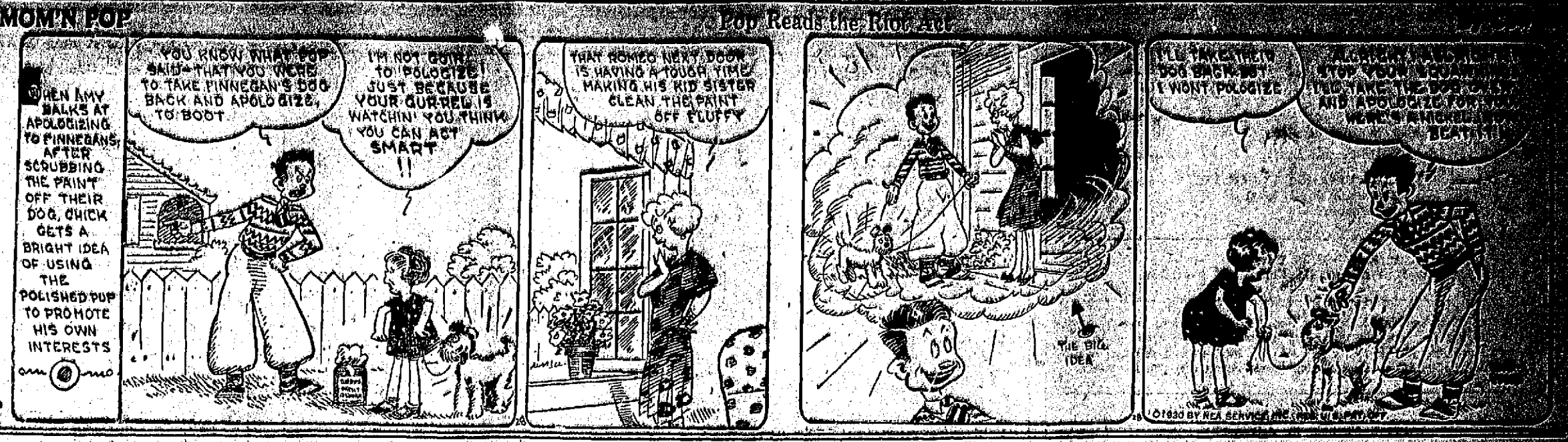
Miss Beryl Henry, Superintendent of Hope Public Schools, will leave about June 15, for Colorado.

Miss Verlin Dalton will leave Friday for Oklahoma City, where she will take a business course. Miss Dalton has been attending the Hope school since mid-term, and her many friends regret her early departure.

Miss Mozelle Dollar will leave Friday for her home in Abilene, Texas. Her many friends send with her their heartiest wishes for a successful future.

Miss Louise Robertson will start to school Monday at the Hope Business College.

Miss Margaret Porter has accepted a position with the Postal Telegraph Co. Friends of Mrs. O. L. Mitchell of



Today will be pleased to know that a failure because they are selfish. she is much improved.

Speaker



REV. W. P. HARMON

Harman Delivers Address Sunday

"The Romance of Service" Title of Baccalaureate Sermon.

On Sunday, May 25, at 11 o'clock, at the Seenger theatre the Rev. W. P. Harmon, pastor of the First Christian church of Hope, delivered the baccalaureate sermon for the 43 members of the graduating class of Hope High School.

The SENIORS, followed by the Juniors and faculty marched to their places by the Processional played by Mrs. Alma Mitchell. Rev. W. R. Anderson gave the Invocation, followed by a hymn "Holy, Holy Holy," sung by the choir. A prayer by Rev. W. P. Harmon; Scripture, 12th Chapter of Romans by Rev. Anderson, were followed by an anthem, "Praise the Name of the Lord," sung by the choir. Miss Henry announced the coming events, then the offertory, "Seek Ye the Lord," was sung by a men's chorus. The commencement sermon was preached. At the closing of this the choir sang "Lead On, Oh King Eternal." Rev. Harmon then gave the benediction. The congregation remained seated while the SENIORS, Juniors and faculty marched out of the Recessional also played by Mrs. Mitchell.

The SENIOR class wishes to express their appreciation for the use of the Seenger theatre. Hope is very fortunate in having such co-operative citizens. They wish to thank also Mrs. Mitchell and those who sang in the choir.

When the disciples of Jesus began to argue as to which would be greatest, there arose a strife among them. Selfishly, each one wanted to have pre-eminence over the other; but when Jesus came into their midst, he taught them that true greatness was measured by service.

Life is a human service. Jesus said, "I am among you as he that serveth." Paul realized the same thing when he beseeched the Romans to present their bodies a living sacrifice, holy, and acceptable unto God. Our greatness, our success in life is not measured by wealth, power, or position, but by our service, and that in turn God judges worthy according to the spirit and quality of it.

Service may be made a romance, an adventure, depending on how we use our lives. Members of the graduating class of 1930: you are now practically on the same level of achievement in life with the same opportunities before you. Twenty or thirty years from now this situation will not remain. Some will have served and achieved so that men will honor their names; others will pass out of memory and be forgotten because they lived for self.

There is something romantic about the lives of those who have so lived in the past as to have been of real service to God and to man. Let us consider the life of Moses. He saw his people enslaved in Egypt, and forced to put up with their cruel masters. He heard the lash snap cruelly on the bleeding backs of women and children. He listened to the groans of a race of people down-trodden, outcast, and tortured. He resolved in his heart to free them even if it meant separation from the luxuries of the Pharaoh's palace or cost his life. To serve his own people became the one purpose of his life. After forty years of waiting in the land of Midian, he returned to Egypt, forced his way into the palace and demanded the liberty of his countrymen. Single handed and alone he stuck by his purpose. Armed only with his faith in God and his undaunted determination, secured their release, undertook to cross a sea without ships and succeeded in conquering hostile enemies and in a journey extending over many years, he led a mighty host safely through a desert, where there was neither water to quench their thirst nor bread to satisfy their hunger. Indeed, this was a daring adventure, a trial of faith, and a romantic service, to God and his fellowmen.

Let us consider another young man who realized in his early years that God had a special service for him to perform with his life. He saw a world of people enslaved by sin and wickedness. He witnessed the anguish and sorrow of death. He heard the cries, "Unclean! Unclean!" of the filthy lepers. He saw all the misery, the hatred, the jealousy, the hypocrisy, and the wickedness of a dis-bellied race, and his great heart was moved to compassion for them. For three and a half years he went about doing good and serving humankind. He was hailed as a deliverer

and a king, by great multitudes of people who followed after him. Later in the garden on the mount of Olives, when he realized the true nature of God's plan for him, he was able to pray, "not my will, but thine, be done." Then when he was nailed on a cross, to die as a criminal, by the very people he had come to serve, he prayed, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do." What a spirit! What a sacrifice! What a service! Does it not make your blood tingle and your heart burn within you when you realize that all this was done that we might know the joys and happiness of Christianity?

I could call the roll of all those of the past who have served and helped bring about progress in science, education, government, and in the comforts of living, but time forbids. Their names are innumerable. There are the disciples who died as martyrs; Stephen, who was stoned to death; Paul who perished in a dark Roman prison, and hundreds of others whose names are not preserved but whose deeds are remembered by the service of their lives. There are many Lutherans, Calvinists, Wesleyans, Zwinglians, and Zuphens. We could name others nearer to our own generation to whom we are indebted because of their wonderful service. Louis Pasteur, who by his devotion to science and his remarkable discoveries, added ten years to the average life of man and lessened his suffering in disease; Eli Whitney, inventor of the cotton gin; Dorothy Dix, the world's redeemer of the insane; Francis E. Wil-lard, the inspiration of prohibition; George Washington and Thomas Jefferson, statesmen whose lives were given to found a nation, and hosts of others.

Not only is there romance in past accomplishments but there is romance in present achievements. Consider the world growing better through the life service of noble men and women. Oceans are spanned by the wings of our planes. Deserts are made to blossom and become fruitful. Radio, telegraph, microphone and telephone link that we like David of old can find the whole world to our door. Modern steamships, railroads, and automobiles furnish us with food from any part of the world just for the asking. Modern machinery and electric power lessen our labor and scientific discoveries and inventions are constantly adding to our comforts and pleasures. Service too has kept pace with all this progress. We find big business adopting service as the working principle of success; we have a great civic club of more than 200,000 members adopting "He serves Most Who Serves Best" as their slogan; we have thousands of churches, institutions, and organizations existing for the sole purpose of serving those in need. Is it not a romantic thought to think that we like David of old can serve our own generation and have the generations of untold ages thanking us for our unselfish service?

You may ask, "How can I serve?" You say that your life can not count for much in the great whirl of affairs, and that you do not have talents as great as these men and wo-

men of the past who have achieved so much. How serve? In love and sympathy, understanding. Jesus served because he loved and loved because he served. Love is the true motive of real service. Young men and young women, when you build a home, build it in love and not in selfish desire; when you labor, love your daily task; in the spirit of love, serve and sacrifice for your friends, your loved ones, your community, your state, and your nation. If you love, you will dare; if you dare, you will achieve. When you have finished your work, you will find joy in knowing that you have served. Though your name may not be engraved on bronze tablets and your deeds may not be heralded in flaming headlines, but you will receive far greater than either of these. When you reach the end of your service here, you will hear the Master say, "Well done, thou good and faithful servant!" You may not rule a nation, discover a long hidden secret of science, or revolutionize social conditions, but you may be the father or mother of a son or a daughter who will. But whatever you do, do it in the spirit of love, and make the world better for your having been in it.

Where shall you serve? What shall you do? Serve wherever there is need. Ask yourselves, "What are some of the needs of humanity?" Then set about to use your life to meet that need. Think of the ignorance and superstition yet left in the world. In the near East, hundreds of thousands are starving because the people are ignorant of scientific methods of agriculture; across in India, women burn themselves on the funeral pyre of their dead husbands, thousands cut themselves with knives to let out the evil spirits of disease; and children are married to each other in their cradles. In Africa millions are hungering and thirsty after righteousness with only a few to feed them. In our own country, we have more than three quarters of a million people who can neither read nor write; we have poverty, misery, sickness and death where there should be health, happiness and life. Will you meet the challenge and serve as a teacher to help stifle the great monster of ignorance?

There is need for better administration of laws and better statesmanship; there is need for service in stamping out sickness, disease, and suffering by trained nurses and skilled physicians; there are social problems in the prevention of crime that have never yet been solved and social adjustments that never have been made. The challenge for service in this gen-

eration is greater than ever in the history of the world; and the opportunities are large. Think what Christianity would mean: it has never yet been tried. Think how we need someone to lead us out of our prejudices, our narrowness, our bigotry, in religion. Think of the world peace that future leaders have set to establish. There has long enough been spilling of blood, political oppression, and national and racial hatreds. There has been enough sacrifice of human life to war, the Molech of the ages. Who will be a Moses to lead us out of our bondage? Who among you will forsake selfishness, and serve God in bringing about "Peace on earth, good will among men?"

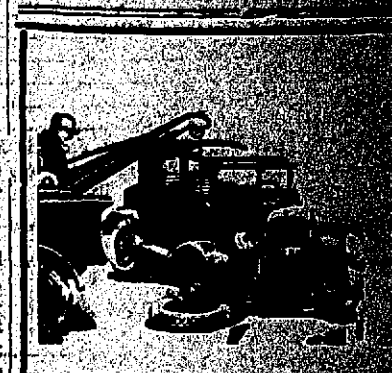
Why should you serve? Why give your life in service to others? Because it is man's way and God's way of making the world better. By giving up selfish indulgences and selfish pleasures, though they do no noticeable harm to the present generation, the unborn generation would be better assured of health, happiness, character and purity.

I plead with you young men and young women of this graduating class, I plead with you fathers and mothers, your brothers and sisters, that you may see the romance of service; that you may dedicate your lives to God and to your fellowman. Why should you serve? Let the words of a poet answer that question:

An old man going a long highway
Came at evening, old and gray;
To a chasm, both deep and wide,
Which he must cross without chart or guide.
The old man crossed in the twilight dim,
The sullen stream held no fear for him,
But he paused when safe on the other side.
And builded a bridge to span the slide.
"Old man," said a fellow pilgrim near,
"You are wasting your time in building here;
Your journey ends at the close of day
And you never again will pass this way.
You've crossed the chasm, deep and wide,
Why build this bridge at eventide?"
The traveler raised his old, gray head;
"Good friend, in the path I've come," he said,
"There followeth after me today
A youth whose feet must pass this way.
This chasm, which has been as naught, to me,

To that fair-haired youth, I must lead the way.
He too, must cross in the twilight dim;
Good friend, I'm building a bridge for him!"
—The Bridge—
By C. W. C.

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The lights of the city lured her. Oppressed by the confining walls of her lighthouse home, she wanted LIFE! It was beckoning through the person of "the other man?" Could she afford to pay the price? See this amazingly gripping drama of the emotional storm that swept three people to the uttermost depths of human feeling.

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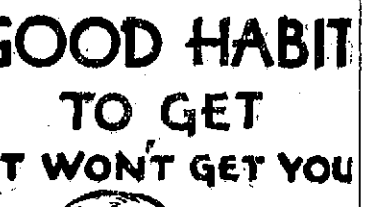


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THE ROMANCE OF SERVICE

"...I am among you as he that serveth."—Luke 22:27.
Life is what we make it. Some make life useful, beautiful, and successful because they are unselfish. Others make life an ugly hindrance

ONE GOOD HABIT TO GET IT WON'T GET YOU

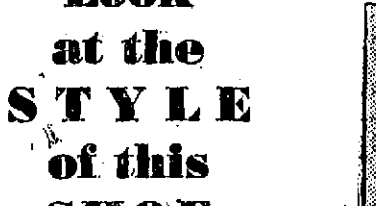


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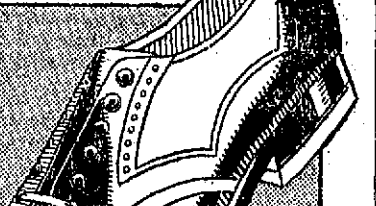


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THE "VIRGINIAN"



Look at the STYLE of this SHOE

STYLISH, isn't it? You bet. It's a pace maker in current fashion. It will wear, too. Made with the world's best leathers. Come in and ask to see it. It's called the "Virginian." Slip it on your foot. Ah, what comfort. And fit. How much is it? Five dollars. Honestly, that's all it costs. And if the "Virginian" doesn't exactly suit you, there are forty other Friendly Five styles from which to choose. All the same remarkable price, Five dollars. Come in, we'll be looking for you.

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OUT OUR WAY

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True Love Defeats Politics For the Hand Of Hungary's Beautiful Democrat Princess

By EMERY DERI

MISS PAULA HORTHY, beautiful daughter of Hungary's beloved regent, has at last found that legendary blue bird of happiness, in quest of which she had to travel a long and roundabout way. Her marriage to Count Julius Karolyi, scheduled to take place some time in June, will mark the victorious climax of one of the strangest and most thrilling romances of our times.

It won't be an affair of state, this wedding of the daughter of Regent Nicholas Horthy. No foreign diplomats will be present at the ceremony in Budapest's 600-year-old Coronation Cathedral; no high state dignitaries will be invited to the simple wedding dinner in the Royal Palace, and no national holiday will be proclaimed.

In the hearts of the romantically inclined Hungarians, however, the day of Miss Paula Horthy's simple wedding will be more worthy of special celebration than if the lovely daughter of their regent had given her hand to any prince or archduke.

For, after all, romance and love have won her a great battle against the forces of cold reason, intriguing diplomacy and scheming politics.

IT was back in 1917, during the World War, that Miss Horthy first met Count Julius Karolyi, a young and dashing officer of the Austro-Hungarian army. At that time Hungary's present regent was an admiral of the Austro-Hungarian fleet and the commander of a small squadron operating along the Dalmatian shores. His family was living on the family estate in Kenderes.

One day the family read the headlines in the newspapers about a naval battle in the Straits of Otranto. The Austro-Hungarian naval force had broken through the Allied blockade, sunk a number of enemy ships, and earned one of the greatest victories in the annals of the fleet. The official communique gave the name of Admiral Horthy as the commander of the heroic squadron, and stated that though he received a severe wound during the battle he remained in his place until the victorious end. Four days later—they were terrible days of anxiety—the admiral's family received a telegram to the effect that the "Hero of Otranto" was lying in the naval hospital in Fiume.

At once the admiral's wife started on her way to the port. Young Paula—or Paulette, as she was called by the members of the family—accompanied her mother. She was very young, just about 17, on the border line between childhood and womanhood.

MOTHER and daughter found the father in a serious condition. Mme. Horthy was constantly at the bedside, while Paulette was permitted to take long strolls with a few friends of the family. One among these was Count Julius Karolyi, an army captain stationed in Fiume. His father, Count Julius Karolyi, senior, was a very good friend of Admiral Horthy, and the son's duty was clear.

Every day the two took long strolls, walking through the picturesque crooked, narrow streets, motoring over to the nearby sea resort Abbazia, or climbing up the hills where the ancient, grim castle of the Frangapans has stood for 700 years. The young officer, who first regarded Paulette Horthy as a mere child, began to realize that the beautiful daughter of the admiral was a young woman; moreover, a brilliant young woman. First their daily walks were for him a pleasant duty, but gradually they became the most precious moments of his day—even of his life. In a week he realized that he was in love with Paulette Horthy.

As for Miss Horthy herself, she was just as much pleased. It was the first time in her life that she realized the meaning of the word love. It was a glorious time, and when, in two weeks, they had to part, Paulette Horthy did not object to the captain's plan to have a very, very serious talk with Paulette's mother.

That long talk took place just one day before the departure of Mme. and Miss Horthy. Mme. Horthy was quite pleased with the prospect of her daughter marrying a scion of one of Hungary's most aristocratic families, but she thought that the time had not yet arrived. First of all, there was the war. Who knows, she said, what is going to happen?

Besides, she pointed out, Paulette was still too young. Almost a child. They must wait.

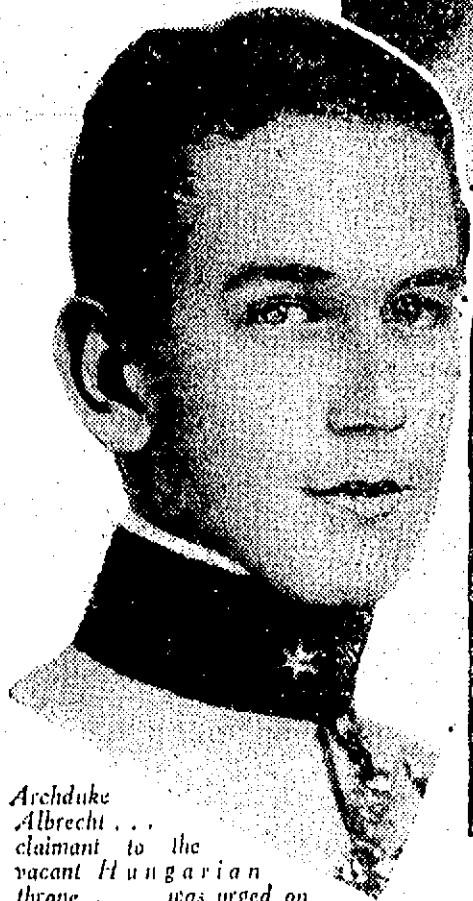
And here ended, for the time being, the first chapter of Miss Horthy's remarkable romance.

THE years that followed were hectic and full of excitement for Hungary. The admiral's skill and heroism in the battle of Otranto was rewarded, and he served during the remainder of the war as commander-in-chief of the Austro-Hungarian fleet.

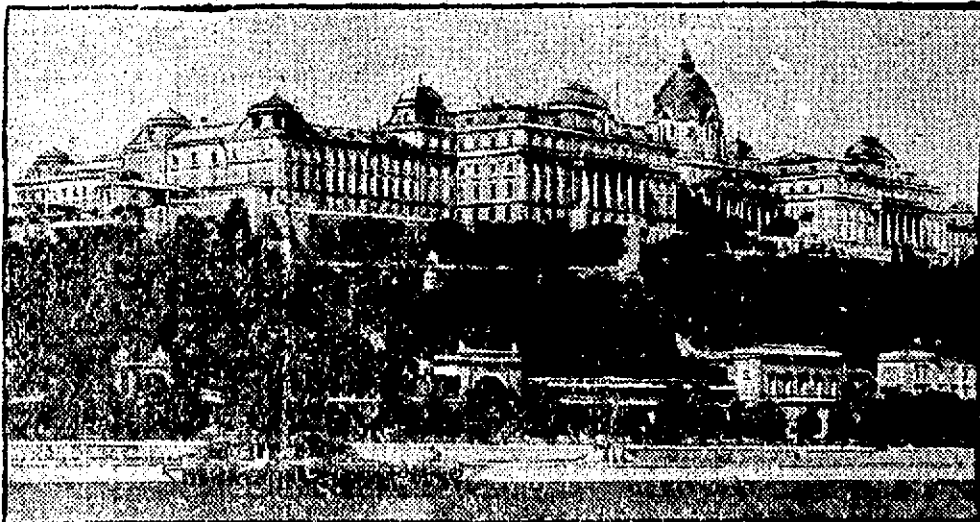
Then came the collapse of the front, the revolution in Hungary, in which one of the relatives of Count Julius Karolyi, Count Michael, played the leading part, and after



Charming Paula Horthy . . . Princess in fact, if not in title. . . . Married mere Mr. De Fay to please her father . . . divorced him to please herself . . . and marry her first love.



Archduke Albrecht . . . claimant to the vacant Hungarian throne . . . was urged on Paula Horthy as a husband . . . but his backers lost.



The huge, centuries-old royal palace in Budapest . . . now the home of Strong Man Horthy, Paula's father, who rules kingless Hungary.

that the Red Terror. Admiral Horthy and his family had to leave the family estate and flee from before the Bolshevik hordes.

He succeeded in smuggling himself through the lines of the Bolshevik army and in reaching the city of Szeged, where, under the protection of French troops, the counter-revolutionary forces gathered.

Admiral Horthy was hailed as a long-awaited savior, and was asked to take command of the counter-revolutionary forces. Two months later he started his march towards the capital, was subsequently elected regent, and took up residence in the Royal Palace in Budapest.

More than three years had passed since Miss Paula Horthy had met Count Julius Karolyi in Fiume. She had grown up to real womanhood, had become an unofficial princess, and lived in the Royal Palace as the regent's daughter, but she had still not forgotten her first love.

She still thought of that dashing young army captain who was now somewhere abroad. She did not have much time, however, for dreaming. She had to participate in official receptions, and around her a host of diplomats and politicians began to weave the most daring schemes.

THOUGH Hungary was officially a monarchy, it had no king. The 1000-year-old throne of St. Stephen was vacant, and a royal battle for its possession had already begun. There was one group of politicians which wanted back the Hapsburgs and wished to see the son of the late King Charles on the throne. There was another faction which represented the interests of the Hapsburg Archduke Albrecht, son of Archduke Frederick and Archduchess Isabella. And there was a third group which preferred an Italian prince. All of them knew that Regent Horthy had a decisive word to say about these things.

But how to get the regent interested in one of these schemes? Here was, the diplomats and politicians thought, the beautiful daughter of the regent—Paulette Horthy.

Why not marry her off to one of the candidates? Of course, she was not actually of royal blood.

Paula Horthy, daughter of the Regent, sacrificed her heart for her country, but now she can wed the man she loves and the scheming diplomats seeking to restore a king will not dare interfere



Innocent Archduke Otto . . . spoiled Paula's first romance but his chances of gaining the Hungarian crown are brighter, now that Paula will wed a Karolyi.

THE Legitimists got busy. First of all, old Count Julius sent a telegram to his son asking him to return to Budapest at once. At the same time a special messenger was sent to the mother of Archduke Otto, ex-Empress Zita, who was living in exile in the picturesque Spanish village Lequeitio. The messenger was to inform the ex-empress of the great danger which threatened her son's aspirations, and of the only way to avoiding it. Everybody knew that Regent Horthy was a man loyal to the House of Hapsburg. They also knew that he would do everything to please the ex-empress. Thus they worked out the plan that called for direct pressure on Miss Horthy by the ex-empress herself.

Count Julius junior did not know anything about these plans and wire pullings. He went to Budapest, was received by the regent and his family as an old friend, saw the beautiful Paulette and knew that he still loved her. In the heart of Miss Horthy, too, the golden memories of old, bygone days, were revived. What was merely a youthful romance a few years ago began to deepen. She knew now that she would never really love anybody else but Count Julius.

SUCH was the situation when the Legitimists, who watched carefully every step of Count Julius, considered the time ripe for a decisive master stroke. Again a messenger was sent to ex-Empress Zita, urging her to act. The empress sat down and wrote a personal letter to Regent Horthy telling him how glad she would be if his daughter would marry Count Julius Karolyi, the son of her ardent supporter. Why, she indicated, it would put an end once and for all to such scandalous rumors that Miss Horthy would marry Archduke Albrecht, himself a claimant of the throne.

At the same time, however, the Albrechtists had also made new attempts to win over the regent into their camp and to persuade him to marry off his daughter to the archduke. One of the fiercest of political and diplomatic struggles developed around the lovely Paulette Horthy.

It was an embittered battle and the regent decided to put an end to it. He could not play politics with the happiness of his daughter, or permit opposing factions to war over her heart. There was only one way out of the tangle: to marry off his daughter as quickly as possible to somebody, who or whose party did not aspire to Hungary's throne.

It was a long, long talk which the regent had with his daughter explaining to her why she should not marry Archduke Albrecht and why she could not marry Count Karolyi.

And Paulette Horthy did what she had to do in the interest of her country. She ceased to see Count Karolyi, she withdrew more and more from Budapest's aristocratic society, and six months later married Mr. Laszlo de Fay, a young land owner of no political importance. It was a very quiet and very simple wedding. Those who saw Paula Horthy step to the altar say that there was a strangely sad smile playing around her lips.

However hard Mrs. De Fay tried to forget everything and to find her happiness in married life, her marriage was a failure from the beginning. Somehow these two people were not made for each other. For two years they tried to bridge over the chasm of differences, but at the end of the second year they gave up the fight.

Mrs. De Fay started divorce proceedings against her husband and soon she received a decree.



Hero-Admiral-Regent Horthy and wife . . . wanted their daughter to be happy . . . but placed duty first . . . then gladly saw her satisfy both.

COUNT JULIUS KAROLYI came back from Paris last winter and took up his residence in Budapest. It was quite unavoidable that the two should meet. Of course, they had to talk with each other. After all, Count Julius knew only too well the reasons of Miss Horthy for marrying another man. And not even the regent objected when his daughter had once again a long, long talk with him about her future plans. Politics?

Hadn't she proved with her supreme sacrifice that she had no ambition to sit on the throne of Hungary or to play any part in the country's political life? . . . Didn't she have as much right to be happy as any other woman in the country? . . . And wasn't the throne question fading out?

Three days later the newspapers of Hungary printed a short notice to the effect that Mrs. Paula De Fay was engaged to marry Count Julius Karolyi. Through sacrifice, Paula Horthy had won at last the man she loved.



Count Julius Karolyi . . . as a dashing captain he won . . . then lost . . . then won again . . . the admiral's daughter.

Prospects For Athletics At Hope High School Are Bright

Coach Wilkins Has 10 Letter Men Who Will Return For Practice Next Fall

Boys Love Only Four Members By Graduation This Year

Accounts for several new teams appearing on our schedule. Practice starts September 1st. Uniforms will be issued at school house August 31, between 10 a. m. and 6 p. m. All candidates will report then.

Track

On May 20 a picture show was given at the Sanger Theatre for the benefit of the athletic association. A dance which was given on the stage was well attended by Hope patrons. Track swimmers were awarded to the following: Matthew Reeves, Norman Moore, Cecil Wyatt, Gray Gentry, Edward Schooley, Bill Wray, Talbot Field, and Donald Moore.

Coach Wilkins says that prospects for next year's track team are bright as none of the quad are lost.

Baseball

The baseball team for next year will be built around 10 letter men returning are: Coach Wilkins, "Big" Wilkins, "Big" Wilkins, "Big" Wilkins, "Big" Wilkins, "Big" Wilkins, "Big" Wilkins, "Big" Wilkins, "Big" Wilkins, "Big" Wilkins.

Football

The football team for next year will be built around 10 letter men returning are: Coach Wilkins, "Big" Wilkins, "Big" Wilkins, "Big" Wilkins, "Big" Wilkins, "Big" Wilkins, "Big" Wilkins, "Big" Wilkins, "Big" Wilkins, "Big" Wilkins.

Boxing

The boxing team for next year will be built around 10 letter men returning are: Coach Wilkins, "Big" Wilkins, "Big" Wilkins, "Big" Wilkins, "Big" Wilkins, "Big" Wilkins, "Big" Wilkins, "Big" Wilkins, "Big" Wilkins, "Big" Wilkins.

Wrestling

The wrestling team for next year will be built around 10 letter men returning are: Coach Wilkins, "Big" Wilkins, "Big" Wilkins, "Big" Wilkins, "Big" Wilkins, "Big" Wilkins, "Big" Wilkins, "Big" Wilkins, "Big" Wilkins, "Big" Wilkins.

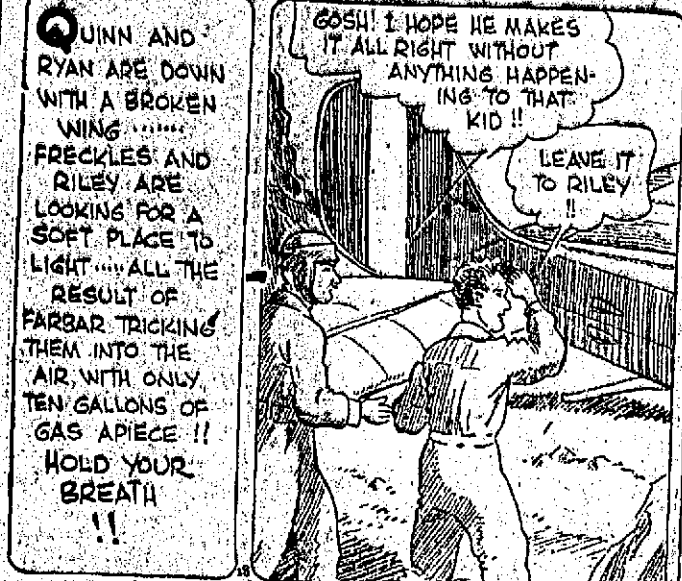
Swimming

The swimming team for next year will be built around 10 letter men returning are: Coach Wilkins, "Big" Wilkins, "Big" Wilkins, "Big" Wilkins, "Big" Wilkins, "Big" Wilkins, "Big" Wilkins, "Big" Wilkins, "Big" Wilkins, "Big" Wilkins.

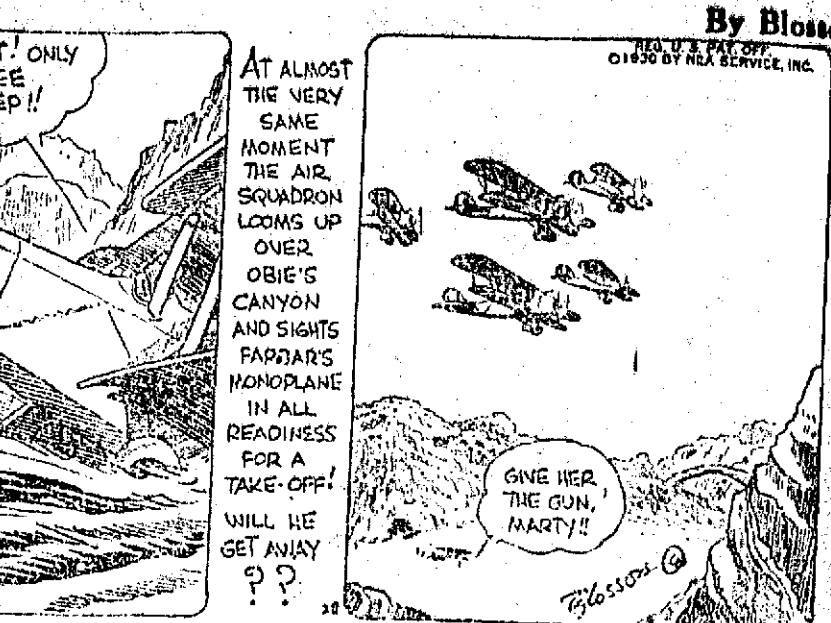
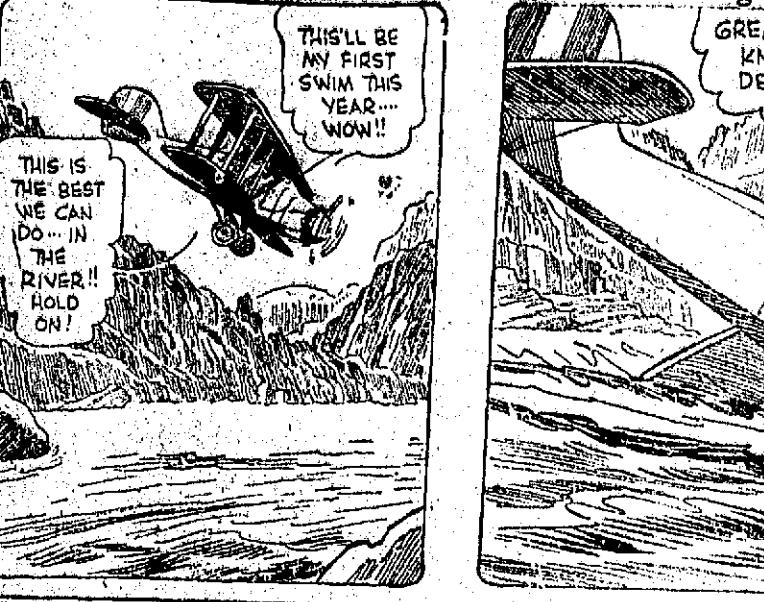
Other Sports

The other sports teams for next year will be built around 10 letter men returning are: Coach Wilkins, "Big" Wilkins, "Big" Wilkins, "Big" Wilkins, "Big" Wilkins, "Big" Wilkins, "Big" Wilkins, "Big" Wilkins, "Big" Wilkins, "Big" Wilkins.

FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS



The Weak and the Strong



Boxing At Rink Thursday Night

Kid Shimmy and Bully Fox Will Furnish Most Action

A double attraction has been carded for Thursday night. The program will open with a big battle royal. Then there will be two four round bouts, Ed Davis, Hope, vs. John Scott, Prescott, and Frank Hawthorne, Prescott, vs. Stu Johnson, Stamps. These battles will be hot and furious and well worth your money. There will also be a five round bout between two Hope pugilists, Bert Mauldin, vs. Jim Stroud.

The semi final will be an eight round affair, with Bill Gardner, M. Ida, vs. Joyce Clark, Little Rock. Then comes the main event, "oh boy" a ten round affair that is sure to please, and look whose staging it for us, Kid Shimmy, Detroit 154, vs. Bully Fox, Louisiana 150. As a whole this is expected to be one of the best programs ever staged at the rink.

Miss Clarke: "Herbert, who is Hamlet?"

Herbert Dodson: "You, a teacher and don't know who Hamlet is?"

"Give me a Bible and I'll show you."

Pearl Newberry: "Mr. Pryor, may I play the piano?"

Mr. Pryor: "No, you can make more noise with your mouth than you can at the piano."



The ambitions of Max Schmeling (left) and Jack Sharkey (right) who are to box for the heavyweight crown vacated by Gene Tunney (center) indicate that neither intends to abdicate later in favor of other "pur

fighter-boxer, product of years of struggle and battle. Twice he has been in line for a title shot and twice he "blew" the opportunity—once again Jack Dempsey and again in the elimination tournament to decide Gene Tunney's final opponent. He carries the flag of experience.

Schmeling, the fighting image of Dempsey, is the phlegmatic, stolid German with a deadening smash in either fist, unimaginative, unpunished, the best business man among the heavyweights since Luis Angel Firpo. He is at his best over the fifteen round route.

In the background rests the shadow of Tunney, looting in a beach chair retired to society at the peak of his physical prowess, one of the greatest machine fighters of the modern age—the man no one fully understood.

coste. Again this year, the cup-hold-ers are without their one-time ace, while Cochet seems a trifle erratic on the down-grade. It appears an ideal spot for Tilden to take another big fling at his rivals in the international arena, ancient though his arm and legs may seem.

Big Bill has outlasted all contemporary stars of his era. He is still the No. 1 American player by several long strides. With the exception of a Cochet in top form, Tilden probably is the master of any active player. He could be counted on for at least one Davis Cup singles victory against France, two against any other contender. It may now be too late for any move to insert him into the lineup, but, on the other hand, the U. S. L. T. A. might very well find him in a receptive mood for an invitation to rejoin the squad.

Twenty-one victories out of a possible 24 for the United States over Great Britain in the Walker Cup golf competition removes at least all trace of one sports argument, for two years to come.

Miss Clarke: "Katherine."

Katherine: "I can't talk."

Miss Clarke: "Can't talk?"

Katherine: "No mam, I can't."

Miss Clarke: "Well, Glory Be!"



It is another portion of irony in America's Davis Cup situation that Big Bill Tilden, after making very emphatic his withdrawal from this classic international contest or any part of it, happens right now to be playing the best and most consistent tennis he has shown in three or four years.

It is, of course, no short-odds bet that the U. S. A., even with Brother Bill on its team again, would be able to beat the Frenchmen in their own back-yard. It was close last year, with Tilden winning one singles match and the Allison-Van Ryn doubles combination unbeatable and France forced to play without La-



HOOKS AND SLIDES by William Braucher

Some Baseball Puzzles

ponder the strange fate of the Detroit Tigers. Led by one of the smartest managers in baseball, the team has fallen into the abyssal depths. With hitting strength and fielding skill, the club has gone nowhere, and Bucky Harris is at a loss to explain it.

"If there are any more ways of losing ball games than we have discovered this year, I'd like to know just what they are," Harris told me the other day. "We have copyrighted almost every kind of play that tosses games away, and every day somebody on the team invents a brand new way."

Errors Properly Made

It seems that the errors that we make, while not more numerous than those of other teams, come at just the proper time to lose a game.

A lot of the Tigers' defeats have been suffered because of boots around shortstop. Bucky has been trying out Bill Rogell, Bill Akers and Weens Westling there, but none of the trio seems to have that something that makes the position settled and steady. They are good one day and not so good the next. A shortstop can make a lot of difference in a ball club, and Harris, thinking his problem there settled before the season started, now finds that he is just beginning the noble experiment of finding a shortstop.

Nothing Not So Bad

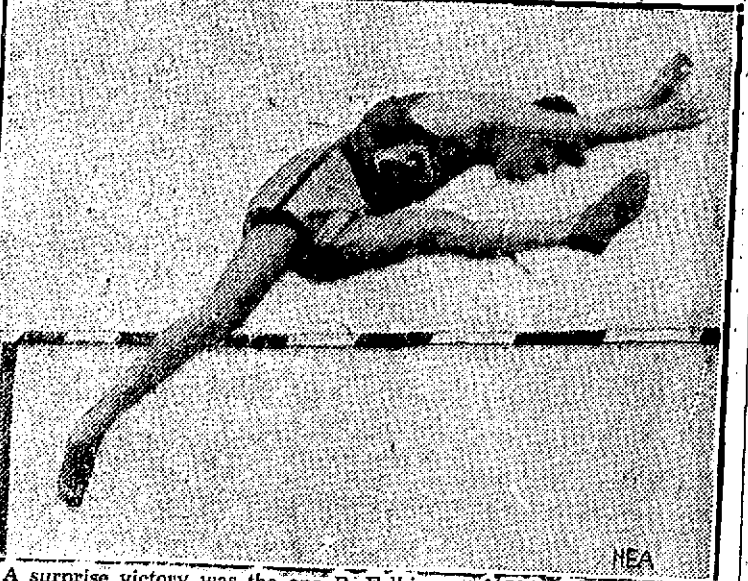
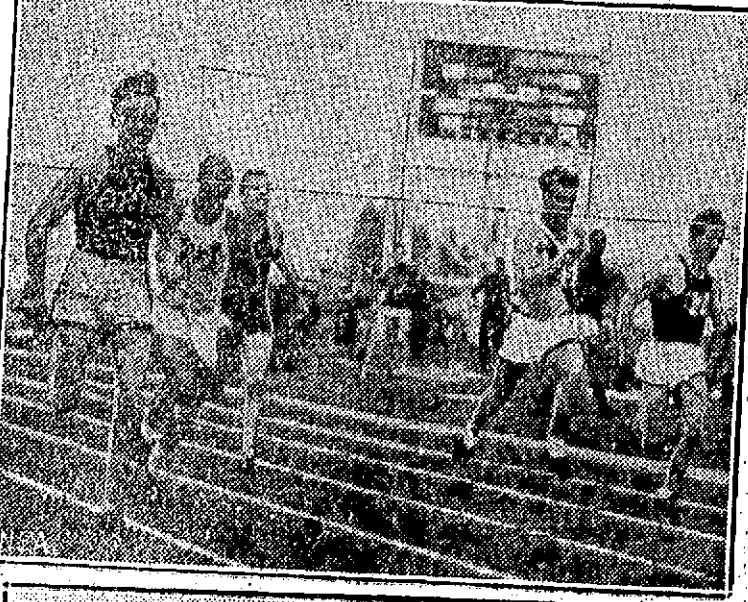
The Tigers' pitching has been pretty good, at least better than the record of games won and lost implies. On days when George Uhle has pitched good games, the team has failed to hit. On days when the team was hitting a bit, the pitching was wobbly and the enemy was hitting a bit more. Sorrell has pitched some good games, but has Hogsett. Herring and Wyatt have all the stuff that's needed for the big leagues.

"We just can't get going," said Bucky. "I don't think any drastic changes are needed, even now, as long as we are. Men like Gehringer and Alexander make a lot of difference. When they are in a slump, business isn't so good. And they have been. It's been a bad streak. The pitchers are there, with the exception of perhaps one position, but they haven't been showing it. Just a little change might put us on the winning path."

Twas Ever Thus

WHEN I talked to Harris in Tampa this spring, he was very cheerful over the prospects of his team. And the club looked good under the palm trees. They were hitting hard and fielding to gether like the Athletics of 1912.

Action From Big Ten Games



A surprise victory was the one R. Felbinger of Ohio State, top photo, recorded in the high jump of the Big Ten outdoor track and field championships at Evanston. Felbinger leaped 6 feet 3 inches to defeat such favorites as Shaw of Wisconsin and Carr of Illinois. Lower photo shows why George Sidney Simpson of Ohio State rightly deserves his world's "fastest human" title. He won the 100-yard dash (above) over Eddie Tolan of Michigan, recognized world's record holder in the event, and also trounced Tolan in the furlong.

BAD FIX AFTER LONG SICKNESS

Cardui Proved Helpful to Lady In Her Effort to Recover Lost Strength.

Muskogee, Okla.—"About a year ago I began taking Cardui," writes Miss Myrtle Blake, of 203 1/2 S. Cherokee Avenue, this city. "I had been sick all the winter before. I was feeling bad. I was in bed for three weeks.

"I had the headache all the time, and couldn't keep anything on my stomach. I lost weight until I looked like a shadow of myself.

"I tried a good many things, but nothing seemed to help me. I kept going down and losing strength.

"My mother had known about Cardui for some time and had me take it. After three weeks of this treatment I began to feel better. I was improving so much. I kept taking it. After three weeks I began gaining in weight.

"I looked and felt much better. I feel so much better this year, and look like a different person.

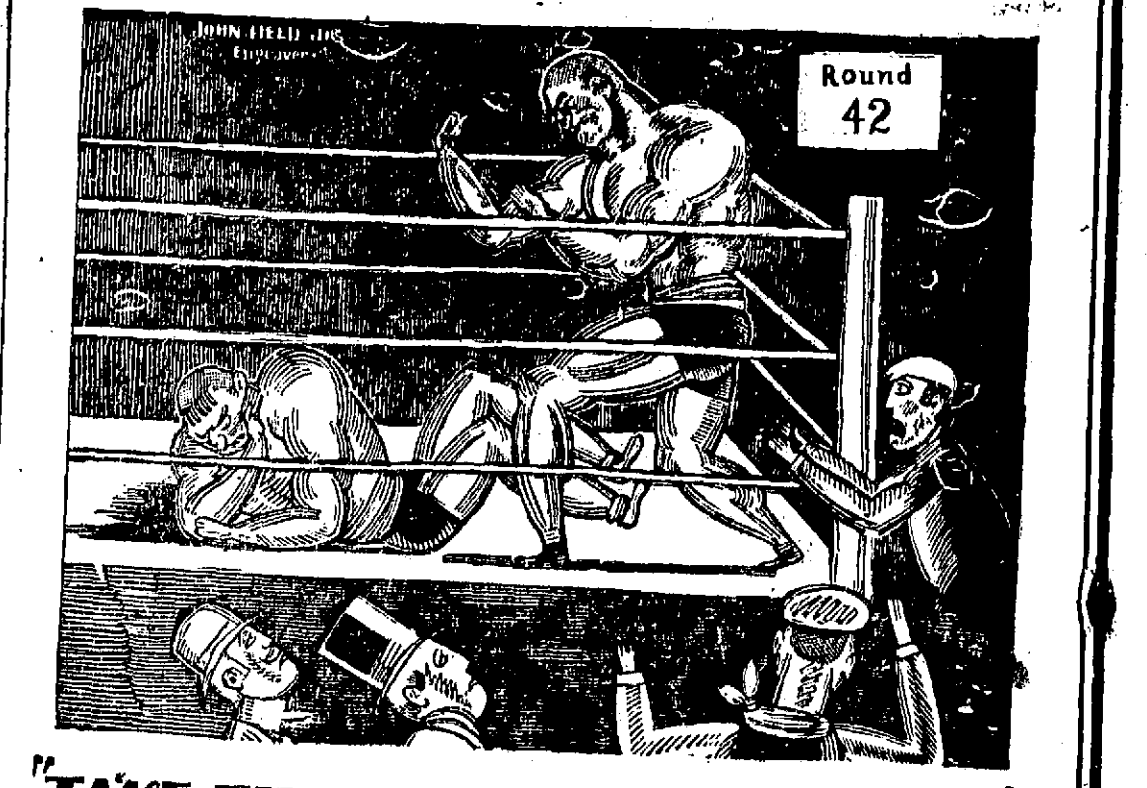
"I took the Cardui Home Treatment for several months and can recommend it."

Cardui is a reconstructive tonic, of genuine medicinal value.

CARDUI

IN USE BY WOMEN FOR OVER 50 YEARS

While taking Cardui, a good laxative to use is Theodor's Black-Draught, 25¢ a package.



"TAKE THAT AND THAT, YOU DOG!" denounced CRUSHER KAZOULIAN

"Even a cauliflower ear can stand just so much—the dreary din of your fog-horn voice goads me to violence."

"Blow the boloney, bozo," rasped Wire-nail Welch, his opponent.

"Do I get a return match?"

"What good is any kind of a match to you, you blighter? Unless you let the honey-smooth heart-leaf tobacco one-two that yowl and K. O. that cracked yelp, by the pearl buttons on the left spat of Bill Bendigo, your ring career is over. The next match you get, Palooka, use it to light up an OLD GOLD. There's not a squawk in a stackful!"



The Husband Hunter

© 1930 BY NEA SERVICE INC.

BEGIN HERE TODAY

NATALIE CONVINCED, jealous of her husband's relationship with Bernadine Lamont, leaves him, wounded, and goes to her own home, where she is secretly plotting to get him back.

Repeating, Natalie writes Alan a letter, telling him of her return, and that she is ready to go home, and take up her apartment, which she agrees to pay for the furnishings.

Alan's meeting with Natalie, which was a surprise, was a happy one. He was glad to see her, and she was glad to see him. They talked for hours, and Natalie told him of her life in the city, and of her work.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY

CHAPTER XXXV

PHILLIPA left Alan to his thoughts, while she prepared dinner. She knew well enough that they were bitter thoughts, of the kind she wished him to have.

Now and then she glanced apologetically at him, as she hurried back and forth between her tiny kitchenette and the combination dining and living room. His air of utter dejection pleased her. He had said enough in the taxi cab on the way up to convince her he was deeply disappointed in Natalie.

She surmised his bitterness was growing moment by moment, but she could not delay dinner indefinitely. Besides, she was hungry. So finally she went over to him with a tray and put it down on a table beside the deep chair she had chosen especially for him.

She spoke to him and Alan absent-mindedly reached out a hand for a glass of tomato cocktail. He saluted slightly, for she had opened the windows to free the room of cooking smoke.

"Dinner is ready," she said matter-of-factly.

Alan got up and as he stood there Phillipa resisted an impulse to slip under the arm he raised to press a palm to his brow.

It came rather suddenly, his burst of words.

"Phillipa, I'm through," he exclaimed, putting down a fork that he held the mushroom he had been about to eat.

Phillipa started nervously. For a wild instant it seemed to her he meant he was through with her. But he was going on, excitedly pouring out his indignation.

"I can't see any use trying to go on with it," he declared with a vehemence that warmed Phillipa's heart. "I thought Natalie had changed, but she hasn't."

Phillipa uttered a little sound of pity, but she refrained from saying, "I told you so."

"It's no use," Alan ended weightily.

WHILE he had talked, lost in his own interests, Phillipa had been doing a little thinking of her own. "So," she cautiously commented to herself, "he really was going to throw me over and go back to his wife—just going to let me fade out gracefully, licked by discouragement." She smiled secretly. "Well, my dear Alan, that wouldn't have been so easy, but..."

"Coffee?" she asked as Alan placed his knife and fork on his plate.

"Black, please," he answered.

She brought the dessert, baker's chocolate russe, without asking if he cared for it, and was rather thankful he left it untouched. She knew Natalie had spoiled him with delicious cookery and she did not want any comparison that might reflect to her disadvantage made between them at this time. The steak, overdone, had been bad enough as it was.

"I must learn to cook," Phillipa said to herself, as she had said many times. She had expected to encounter no difficulty with the art, but indeed looked forward with eager anticipation to the opportunity for vying with Natalie. But, surprising to her, many of her practice meals had been sadly disappointing.

Her coffee wasn't so bad, though, she congratulated herself as she watched Alan drink cup after cup of it.

Phillipa was figuratively holding her breath against time. Where would Alan spend the night? At his hotel, or would he go home? He might be done with Natalie as he had said, but if he went home... Phillipa sorely hoped he would stay away.

At last, when Alan was ready to go, and had not mentioned his destination, she delayed him with one pretext or another. She did not want to ask him directly where he was going, but she was about to do so, when he turned abruptly to the telephone.

number he asked for was not that of his home. Phillipa remembered it; knew it was the hotel where he had stayed while Natalie was away. She sighed thankfully.

Alan asked to have a room reserved. Phillipa then let him go without further delay. He was restless now, his desire to sink into meditation gone. She wished she might go with him somewhere, but he plainly wanted to be away, and by himself.

The next morning she went to the office early, nervously anxious to see Alan and find out what a night of sleeping on his angel had done to it.

Alan came in a little after nine, looking hollow-eyed and weary. Phillipa had hoped he would show a desire for her sympathy, but he seemed rather to wish to avoid her.

Her lips tightened ominously as she walked out of his office and seated herself at her desk. She expected to have a bad day with the girls on the office force. She knew their skill with innuendo when they dared not skimpish in the open. This did not serve to sweeten her temper.

She was still further upset when Alan came out and asked her about his engagements for the day. He had read the early mail and decided suddenly that he could not stay in the office and work.

It would be no use, he thought. His heart had been set on reconciliation with Natalie; he knew it now. He could think of nothing but his great disappointment. All the bitterness was gone. He felt, simply, that both he and Natalie were helpless against her obsession of passion of jealousy.

But what he was to do, what would happen, he did not know. He recognized only an urge to get away for a while—a day at least—and try to adjust himself to these new conditions.

He did not tell Phillipa that he was going to be gone for the day. He guessed she might try to force her company upon him; and in any case she would ask questions which he did not care to answer.

So he said he would be back shortly, and left her to her stormy suspicions. They were stormy, for she understood his morning mood better than he himself understood it. She knew that his temper had subsided, that he was less determined, determined at all—to have a definite break with Natalie. She had worked her suspicions up to the point of believing that he was even now on his way to meet Natalie, perhaps to make up their quarrel, when Natalie walked into the office.

NATALIE was as white-faced, as exhausted looking, as Alan had been. Plainly sleep had not paid her a visit that night.

She asked for Alan, and Phillipa regarded her scrutinizingly. Natalie told her gaze uncomfortably. "He isn't here," Phillipa said shortly, and Natalie supposed she

was being treated because of sympathy for Alan.

She been afraid all night that she had betrayed her jealousy of Bernadine Lamont to Alan's secretary. Now she was certain of it. A daffodil stain stained her cheeks, and hope withdrew a little farther from her. Her voice was uneven when she asked if he had been in that morning.

"Oh, yes, he was here," Phillipa answered coldly. She knew she was being reckless, but she did not care, or rather her irritation was routing her better judgment.

"Did he say when he would return?" Natalie dared to have to ask these questions. She knew they humbled her in Miss West's eyes, but she was sternly disciplining her pride at the moment.

"No, he didn't," Phillipa curtly replied.

Natalie glanced toward Alan's door. "I think I'll wait in his private office a while," she said, and turned away. She half-resented, half-excused Phillipa's abruptness.

With a flare of resentment, Phillipa watched her close the door. She knew that in future Natalie would always be distant with her. "If she ever comes again," she muttered, but with small belief in the doubt.

What Natalie did in Alan's office, Phillipa did not know, but she grew more convinced as the time passed that she had neglected something toward Natalie. Suppose the quarrel should blow over, and things were to go on as they were now? She would have no influence whatsoever with Natalie, no opportunity to stir her up against Bernadine Lamont.

She was bitterly regretful. It she had been agreeable she could go in now and have a talk with Natalie. It would be a fine chance to let her to greater jealousy. She could tell her about the visits Alan had paid to the Lamont home while she, Natalie, was away. She could tell of the many presents he had bought for Bobby, of his fondness for the little boy. And all in the guise of praising Alan for his kind-heartedness and generosity.

But it was too late now. Even if Natalie should listen to her, she couldn't appear disinterested. In mentioning Bernadine after her recent rudeness, she knew Natalie was not stupid; certainly she couldn't mistake the fact that her husband's secretary was moved to act as she did because of the scene she'd witnessed the day before.

"It's enough to put her on her guard," Phillipa concluded, and gave up the idea of saying anything more to Natalie.

She waited greatly for fear Alan would come in and be, in some degree, placated by the open overture. Natalie had made in coming to his office.

And then, with Natalie waiting there, and Phillipa tensely dreading his arrival, Alan telephoned the office.

Dean of Women: "Did you read the letter sent to you?"

Shipped Sophie: "Yes, I read it inside and outside. On the inside it said, 'You are requested to leave college,' and on the outside it said, 'Return in five days,' so here I am."

Mary says to her friend Comer: "A vanity in the hand is worth ten in the drug store."

Thelma Barber and Mozelle Dollar seated in the library.

Thelma: "How come these typewriters down here?"

Mozelle: "We brought them down here."

JACKSON, Miss., May 27.—(P)—The embarrassment of writing a check to pay an account and then finding the funds lacking, reached the Executive Department of Mississippi today.

When the governor went to pay the telephone bill for the executive mansion from a special mansion containing funds, he found that the legislature had failed to provide funds for this account. Usually the legislature

provides \$4,000 for light, water, heat and other incidentals at the mansion. Through an apparent inadvertence the legislature recessed without passage of a bill for this purpose.

Unless funds are provided for this account before the adjournment May 31 of the now recessed legislature, the mansion faces two years of no lights, no water, no heat and no repairs to furniture.

Miss Lee: "For what is Jane Adams noted, Talbot?"

Talbot: "Ah—she's head of the Navy, isn't she?"

You golf bugs turn in your heads this week and let Mr. Denny beat your handicaps. For the first time there is a great handicap contest. Manifested, and kept in the form of a contest, your three lowest scores will decide your handicap and you will be in the run for the prize.

Aid: "Well, let you in on this. Mr. Denny has invited the entire STAFF class to play free next Saturday morning. Let's go after those 'B' boys."

MINIATURE GOLF

Photo by H. H. H.

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Photo by H. H. H.

POLITICAL ANNOUNCEMENTS

FOR COUNTY OFFICE
County Election, August 12, 1930.

For Sheriff:
J. E. BEARDEN
J. W. CRIPPIN
RILEY LEWALLEN
JOHN L. WILSON
ROBERT (BOB) EVANS

For County Judge:
H. M. STEPHENS
J. MARK JACKSON
RUFFIN WHITE

For Tax Assessor:
JOHN W. RIDGILL
SHIRLEY ROBINSON

For Road Overseer (DeKalb Township):
SID TAYLOR

For County Clerk:
FRANK MAY

For State Senator (20th District, Hempstead and Nevada Counties):
LAWRENCE L. MITCHELL

Kindergarten at Okay



Photo by H. H. H.

Bilbo's Fund Exhausted, "Hot" Check Returned

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The Test To Insure Uniformity of Color

Buying motor fuels by color is a dangerous habit and the importance which modern refiners attach to color shades of finished products is constantly being diminished. However, at the great "Standard" Laboratories, color tests are made regularly with the instrument pictured above and known as a chromometer.

"Standard" Improved Gasoline is always pure, clear, and of uniform color and dependable quality. It is sold everywhere by responsible dealers whose places of business are designated by the Bars and Circle Trade-Mark.

BETTER STICK TO "STANDARD"

ROAD MAPS AND INFORMATION FREE

Whenever you plan a trip, let "Standard" Touring Service, 214 St. Charles Ave., New Orleans, La., help you pick the best route. Just write "Standard" Touring Service, and advise where you wish to go. Maps and latest road information will be sent you free of charge.

"STANDARD" IMPROVED GASOLINE

STANDARD OIL COMPANY OF LOUISIANA
WE SELL "STANDARD" PETROLEUM PRODUCTS

J. A. Henry & Son
Open Evenings Till Nine Hope, Arkansas

Hope Auto Company
Authorized Ford Dealers Hope, Arkansas

LATEST SONGS

"Following You"—Sophomores.
"Always in My Arms"—School Boys.
"Love Me"—Teachers.
"I'm Sailing On a Sunbeam"—Since lessons are over.
"Thinking of You"—High School days.
"Little by Little"—Better grades are attained.
"I, Myself and Me"—In Miss Henry's office.
"Are You There"—English paper.
"Angry"—Miss Henry with stupid pupils.
"It Won't Be Long Now"—Till Grad.

uation Exercises.
"At Peace With the World"—After successful exams.
"Now the Song is Ended"—(But the memory lingers on.)

IF I KNEW

If I knew the drawer where the A's are kept
And could lay my hand on the key,
I'd pull it open and help myself
To it contents liberally.
Then over my own and my school-mates' cards
I'd strew my treasure about,
To gladden their heart and my own heart when

Report cards are given out.

If I knew a drawer that was big enough
To hold every F and E,
I'd lock them all in it some fine day
And throw away the key
Where never a teacher could find it again.
And then to the end of our days—
We'd never have to break any more.
The tenth commandment over A's.

Now I lay me down to rest
Before I take that awful test,
If I should die before I wake,
Thank the Lord I'll have no test to take.

Lee Graves (running into the library) "I want the life of Caesar."
Hinsley: "Sorry, but Brutus beat you to it."

Save Your Shoes!
P. J. SUTTON
SHOE SHOP
Phone 329 We Deliver.

Money! Money!
To Loan on Real Estate
See Floyd Porterfield

STAR WANT ADS

And remember—the more you tell, the quicker you sell.

RATES: 1 insertion, 10c per line, minimum 30c
3 insertions, 1c per line, minimum 50c
6 insertions, 6c per line, minimum \$1.00.
25 insertions, 5c per line, minimum \$4.00.
(Average 5-12 words to the line)

The Want Ad Phone Number is 7 6 8

FOR RENT

FOR RENT—Two room furnished apartment. Garage, 903 East Division street. Phone 531J, Mrs. Ellen Jones.

FOR RENT—Three furnished rooms 805 South Walnut

FOR RENT—Five room house, practically new, close in. A. H. Eversmeyer, 420 South Pine. 28-31.

FOR RENT—Furnished apartment. Phone 876, 509 South Harvey. 23-6P

FOR SALE

FOR SALE—Jersey Heifer calf four weeks old \$15.00. From Jersey cow not registered giving 5 gallons milk a day. K. G. McRae. 28-31

FOR SALE—I have a nice brick bungalow residence, 7 rooms and sleeping porch, double brick garage. Lot 125 feet front. Modern in every respect, good neighborhood, six blocks from town. House vacant now, and will show anytime to anyone interested. I have a price to sell with small cash payment down. This is your opportunity to buy a home. Call 310, Floyd Porterfield.

WANTED

WANTED—Roomers and boarders. Phone 291, Mrs. Judson 5-1-30tc.

WANTED—Arkansas timber or farm lands for Florida improved or unimproved property. A. W. Biorseth 603 South Pine Street. 24-3P.

LOST

STRAYED—Pointer Dog. Strayed from my home on South Pine street. Wednesday morning. State license No. 5388 on collar. Reward for information leading to recovery. B. R. Hamm. 20-4P

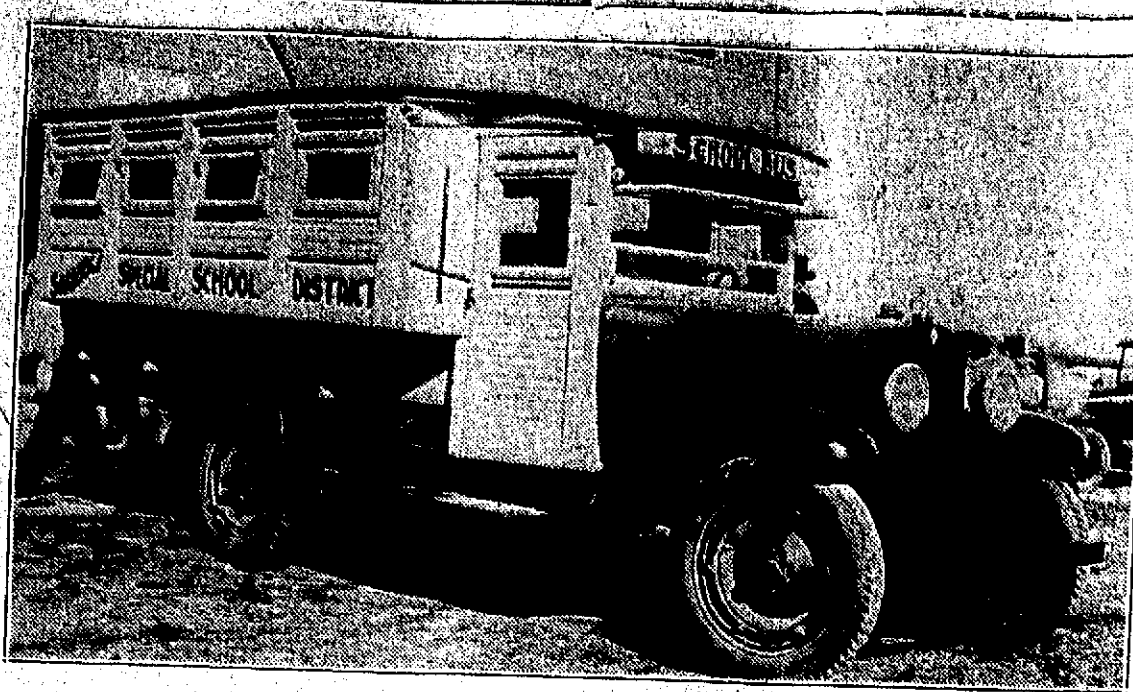
PINE OAK GUM CYPRESS

BUILDING Materials

Johns-Manville Asbestos and Composition Shingles, Red Cedar Shingles, Wall Board, Paints, Hardware, Sash and Doors.

Hope Lumber Co.
Talbot Feild, Pres. Phone 26

School Bus at Saratoga



—Photo by Hughes

Hope, I could not pass it by. I was almost sure that I would find several of the crew in and around Hope, because that is the town from which each SENIOR had sailed at some time during the ten years.

Nolen Levallen was the first one I met in Hope. He was mayor. I asked him if any more of the class were still living here. He said if I looked I might find a few of them.

I found Lee Graves, an electrician wiring the street lights for the Broadway of America. The electricians happened to be in Hope at the time I was.

Thelma Barber was the private secretary for the president of the L. & A. railroad. Thelma told me that Clarence Moody was winning a wonderful reputation as a painter. I later learned that for the past year she had been painting barns near Spring Hill.

John Tinsley, once a prominent school athlete was the owner of a large garage factory near Fulton. I knew he would go in for something strong.

Lillian Willis was supporting a husband by holding down a part time job as bookkeeper in the Guernsey Department store.

I stopped in Little Rock, and as I was wandering around I saw Verlin Dalton. She was a clerk in a dime store, which she said belonged to Maxine Cupp. Maxine had a chain of these stores over the United States.

Ambrose Hanegan was in the state penitentiary; he was warden. Several reading further, I discovered that Comer Rounton had been elected president of the B. I. G. railroad.

Since I had been living away from home, I found the next of the SENIOR crew in St. Louis.

Mozelle Dollar, the dress designer, had just lost her job, for she had asked the boss for a raise, because it took more ink to draw the long skirts.

William Pool is an Osteopath. He says his path to the grave is just as short, costly, and painful as any other.

William told me that Vera Reeves, the only married student in the sailing crew, was still married and teaching school.

In New York I saw that Annabel Philbrick was achieving fame on Broadway with her latest song hit, "You Tell 'Em Webster, You've Got the Words." I went to her apartment.

GALE SIX and the conversation led to some members of the crew.

One was Willis Plant, who had tried to buy up oil wells where there weren't any; then he tried to rid the world of daddy-long-legs. The last Annabel heard of him he was erecting cat-teries for stray cats.

Another was Julia Bearden. She played in the Flo Ziegfeld Follies till she got married in the Little Church Around the Corner to an Italian Prince or a Russian Duke. Annabel couldn't remember, and she is now living in Canada.

I left her and the others I saw in New York were Margaret Porter, manager of a hospital. She mends broken dolls. She is married too.

Harry Lemley was studying to be a great criminal lawyer. This, in itself, is a crime.

I sailed from New York to England. I found Avis Woodul in London. Avis was a lecturer still talking about the things which she knows the least—always one of her strong points.

Ruby Jack Sullivan was writing another book, biographical in character entitled: "Husbands I Have Shot and Missed."

I learned from Ruby Jack that Zilpha Keith was a missionary doctor in Africa and was trying to convert all the savages.

Ivad Dudney was making a fortune by teaching the people in England how to make hot dogs.

Frank Schooley, another member of the crew, was found trying to get a J. O. B. He had received his M. A. degree from No Man's College.

There are five other members of the class to be found. I hardly knew where to look for them. It had always been my ambition to go to Berlin, Germany, so I went. The first person I saw was Ronald Smith. He was now a plant wizard and had successfully crossed a bread fruit with an egg plant and is growing egg sandwiches.

Leonard Ellis was an interpreter and a guide in the historical part of Berlin. Leonard told me that Annie Sue Andrus was the manager of a foreign hospital. He didn't know where she was located at the present time.

As I was sitting in the hotel one afternoon, I picked up a book of American tourists, and to my surprise I found that Rene Sparks was studying Greek at Athens. Her purpose was to discover the original vamping recipes of Helen of Troy.

Fay Jones had answered the "call of the wild." While exploring in Asia, she discovered the long lost race of shiaks.

Thus we have seen the accomplishments of the admirable class of 1920. May those in worthy undertakings continue their work, and may happiness and good-fortune be with them unto the end of their life's voyage.

CLASS SONG
Y'heave ho! class mates, the wind blows free,
A pleasant gale is on our lee;
And soon as the ocean clear
Our gallant bark shall safely steer.
But ere we part from Hope High to-night,
A song we'll sing for school and beauty bright.
Then here's to our teachers and here's

to our classmates, too.
Ere we sail, tonight up on the waters blue.

The sailor's life is bold and free,
His home is on the rolling sea;
And never heart more true or brave
Than his who launches on the wave;
Alas he speeds in distant climes to roam,
With joyous song he rides the sparkling foam.
Then here's to the sailor and here's to the soldier, too,
Hearts will beat for him upon the waters blue.

Chorus
Sailing, sailing over the bounding main,
For many a stormy wind shall blow
Ere we come home again!
Sailing, sailing over the bounding main,
For many a stormy wind shall blow
Ere we come home again.

FLAWLESS mechanism—sealed in steel—makes the General Electric Refrigerator unit trouble-proof and service-free. Thousands of persons have seen it submerged in water—operating perfectly day after day. No other mechanical refrigerator could withstand such a gruelling test—a test which has dramatic proof why no owner—out of hundreds of thousands—has ever paid a cent for service.

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THE TRIALS OF A FOOTBALL MAN

Now our football games are over. And many banquets off appear. 'Twas well to have been the captain—though not this time of year. You must make a lot of speeches. The first one's best of all. But the third had fourth are awful. There's no new stuff at all. The same lines goes each blooming time.

And you feel a perfect fool; Everyone knows what you're going to say.

And you wish that you'd quit school. Then when celebrating is over, While you rest your bones and high, You ponder weak and weary.

"Just how did I get by?"—Exchange

John Tinsley: "Do you think you could learn to care for me?"

Annie Sue: "Oh, yes, I'm going to study to be a trained nurse."

Jack Griffith: "Is everybody here?"

Miss Henry: "Yes, with the exception of those who are absent."

TRUTH IS STRANGER THAN FICTION

"Which one of you boys burst a stink bum in this room?" remarked Coach Wilkins to his class. Every boy in the room denied the charge and Mr. Wilkins became angry and tried to force some of the girls to tell which of the boys was guilty. The odor, instead of ceasing, remained the same, and soon it was decided that surely there had been birds caught in the chimneys and died. The same occurred in Miss Harrison's room, and every one was puzzled as to just what the odor was.

The funny part was that it was traced to the outside of the building, and there by one of the windows lay a "Stray Cat." dead. The Stray Cats of the Senior play are very much alive, however.

Willis Plant says there are many men who believe in "Dreams" until they marry one.

CONGRATULATIONS
You who have read this far are to be congratulated. You know no one

ever listens to a humorist or professor, but let's get this settled at once. If you don't like the contents of this section we are sorry and if you'll send the paper to President Hoover he'll refund your money. If your feelings are hurt, write to the editor of this particular section and maybe she will apologize. Her address is somewhere in the U. S. A. One thing more, you think there could be an improvement upon this section don't get excited. We thought so long before you did.

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Your Banker stands back of you like a silent partner; ready to shield you with Prudent Counsel; prepared to fight for you with that trenchant force, Money. Your Banker is a mighty useful friend. Keep in close contact with him.

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ALSO FORD TRUCKS AND DELIVERY CARS

SEE the Ford car that has been actually saved in two! Reveals interesting details of many vital mechanical parts you seldom see—valves, pistons, cylinders, etc. Also shows fuel, cooling, ignition and lubrication systems—how the body and seats are made—how the different layers of paint are put on, etc. Explains many things you would like to know about the Ford car.

SEE the Triplex safety glass windshield that will not fly or shatter when broken. Observe the added safety it gives in collisions.

SEE how Rustless Steel products are made—from the sheet metal to the gleaming finished parts. This metal will not rust or corrode in any kind of weather.

See and hear the TALKING PICTURE of a trip through the Ford plant

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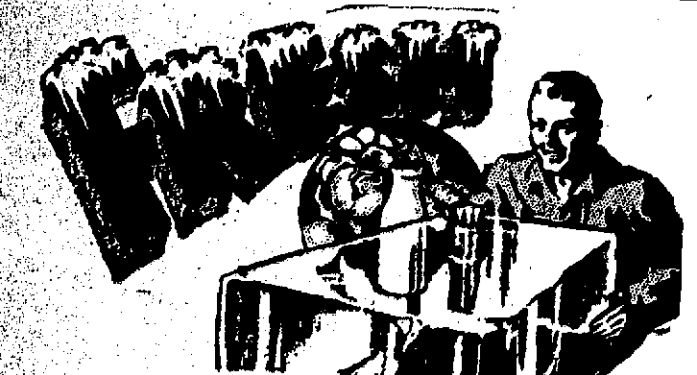
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